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P O E M S

O N

CHRISTIAN CHARITY,
CONTENTMENT,
A N D
MELANCHOLY.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BILLINGE.

K

WOLVERHAMPTON:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR, BY J. SMART.

MDCCLXXXIV.

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CONTAINING



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P R E F A C E.

THE Author begs leave to premise, that as he would not be thought so vain, as to arrogate any share of merit to himself, from the following Poems; so neither, after the self-confidence of many, does he flatter himself, that he has nothing to apprehend, but from the *Eagle-Eye* of more refined *Criticism*; to whose prying search, the minutest inaccuracies, though never so artfully concealed, are discernable. For, if the slightest blemishes in the face of the Sun, when viewed through a proper medium, have the appearance of monstrous deformities, even

when that inexhaustible source of Light and Heat appears most transcendently glorious to the naked Eye, and shines brightest in all the pomp of meridian and dazzling lustre; no Writer, who carries a becoming Modesty and diffidence about him, can exist without a considerable share of Timidity and apprehension, even from the inspection of less penetrating Eyes.

Should then, the following Compositions, fall short of the approbation of the more intelligent, as it is justly feared they must; it will however prove no small alleviation of the Author's distress, in the hour of his disappointment, to be able to reflect (with the liveliest sentiments of Gratitude), that, by the concurrence of a very respectable and numerous List of Subscribers, he has been generously supported in the execution of a plan, which, without their assistance, could not have been attempted, with the least prospect of success.

It is therefore hoped, that the benevolent Reader, will glance over the following Lines with an Eye of tenderness—throw a Veil over the errors that may occur—and be inclined to grant every indulgence, that a Father can reasonably expect, who in this Age of private as well as public Calamity, felt himself irresistibly called upon, to try every means, and strain every nerve in behalf of a numerous Family.—With this view alone, the Author (having, with difficulty, overcome his natural reluctance to appear in print) has been prevailed upon, to commit the subsequent Poems to the Press:—And, in this point of light alone, the Public is humbly requested to consider them—and not as the wanton productions of *self-conceit* or *ambition*—that empty sacrifice, too frequently offered at the tinsel'd shrine of Vanity.

The Author thinks it will be proper to add, that as he is sensible that the appearance of the

Book has been long expected, so he hopes the delay will be pardoned, when he assures the Public, that he deferred his publication solely at the request of some of his leading Subscribers, who, during the interval desired, have not failed to interest themselves very capially in his favor.

26 SE60

C H A-

C H A R I T Y.

A

S A C R E D P O E M.

C. H. A. R. I. T. Y.



S. A. C. R. O. E. M.

TO
JOHN HODGETTS, Esq.

OF PRESTWOOD,

THIS POEM,

IS,

FROM A LIVELY SENSE OF
GRATITUDE,

FOR

UNMERITED AND ACCUMULATED

FAVORS,

HUMBLY INSCRIBED,

BY

HIS MOST OBLIGED

AND OBEDIENT SERVANT,

C. BILLINGE.

TO
 JOHN HODGETTS ESQ
 OF PRESTWOOD
 THIS P O F M
 FROM A LIVELY SENSE OF
 GRATITUDE



UNMERITEDLY ACCUMULATED
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 HUMBLY INSCRIBED
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 HIS MOST OBLIGED
 AND OBEISANT SERVANT
 C. BILLINGE

ADVERTISEMENT.

UPON the list of *Christian virtues*, peculiarly adapted to promote and ascertain the happiness of rational Beings, *Charity* most deservedly obtains the first place.

The tender emotions of a sensible and feeling heart, timely carried into exertions of diffusive munificence, and compassionate alleviations of Distress, form, by far, the most amiable part of every Man's character, whether his station be appointed him in public or private Life.

The diadem of a king, boasts not a gem of more intrinsic worth, or unrival'd lustre, than the breast of that Christian, where the *Virtue of Charity* eminently and habitually resides.

Innumerable are the arguments, which may be brought, to recommend and enforce the exercise of a tender, benevolent, and liberal Disposition; but nothing can exhibit to the eye a more striking picture, nor impress upon the mind a more
lively

lively Image of the extent and perfection of this darling Virtue, than those interesting passages, wherewith the Life of our Blessed Saviour is so beautifully interspersed; and where, if closely attended to, the most instructive lessons of Humanity and Tendernefs are held forth, and the exercise of the most unlimited and unexampled Charity is placed before our eyes.

Wherefore, should the mind of the benevolent Reader, through the perusal of what is here humbly offered to his inspection, grow enamoured of the excellencies, and his heart be happily led to the practice of a Virtue which so justly merits the highest encomiums, and appears at the head of those favourite and endearing Graces, which are most commendable, and ornamental in Life—the Author has obtained his end.

CHA-

C H A R I T Y.

YE crystal fountains, and ye limpid rills,
That through th' Aonian meads meand'ring stray,
Where undisturb'd, unfading verdure reigns :—
Ye winding vales, in nature's pride rich clad,
Your flow'ry stores that wide irriguous spread :—
Ye stately groves, in full luxuriance dress'd,
Whose balmy foliage, wantons in the air,
And to the passing breeze its sweets unfolds ;
Once fav'rite themes, farewell.——A sacred flame,
Till now unfelt, my tepid bosom warms :—
Fresh ardor fires my soul.—Rous'd at the call
Of Gratitude's shrill voice, a loftier strain
Th' obsequious Muse attempts, and at thy feet
Benevolo, her humble tribute lays.—
O ! thou—whose gen'rous bosom ever glows

With

With Charity's soft flame—of others needs,
 Whose tender heart the deep distresses feels—
 Whose bounteous hand the hungry soul relieves,
 And Poverty's faint cry doft piteous hear ;
 From chaste Castalius' source this meed receive,
 And deign to listen to these humble strains,
 Which thy fair Virtue paint—Of him they sing,
 The bright Original, to which thou ow'st
 Of thy Benevolence the perfect plan.—

Thy timely succour now, Urania, lend :—
 To soft *Compassion* lift th' enraptur'd song,
 And teach my lines with tenderness to glow.—
 The pleasing Theme, can Grief's sharp pangs abate,
 From *Sorrow's* eye, can wipe the falling tear,
 And heal the wound Affliction's dagger gives.
 Nature's plain language to a feeling breast
 The flow'ry ornaments of speech excels ;
 Of heart-struck anguish, and severe distress,
 The artless picture on the mind pourtray'd,
 Persuasive sounds, and Energy exceeds.

How graceful down the cheek of youthful bloom,
 Soft trickling steals the sympathetic tear !—

Of

Of kind Concern, how graceful o'er its brow
Hangs the dark cloud!—whilst ev'ry feature glows
With tender warmth and merciful regard!
Amongst the warbling lyre's soft-soothing sounds,
The raging smart of pain, what note can quell,
Like the deep sigh, that from the feeling breast,
Echoes, responsive to the voice of Grief!—
To melt with pity at the tale of Woe
In life's fair spring, the feelings of a heart
To all the strings of Tenderness attun'd,
Possess'd of all that can endear, makes known.
As riper years advance, 'tis matchless praise,
'Tis manhood's brightest ornament to lift
The famish'd soul from pining want; to close
With lenient touch the gaping wound, that racks
Parental peace, giv'n by th' unduteous hand
Of wayward Youth.—And, when the feeble pulse,
The glass of Life swift running to an end,
With intermitting strokes, uncertain beats:
Of timely Counsel, with the soft'ning balm,
O! then t'assuage, and sooth th' unnumber'd Cares,
The heart-felt sorrows, that on Age attend,
Bespeaks the Christian, and becomes the Man.

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When

When kind refreshing dews descend, and o'er
 The drowsy world Night's sable curtain hangs,
 To Reason's eye, what scenes of horror rise,
 Within the bosom of that senseless wretch
 Who, all the day, in pleasure's soothing paths,
 Has thoughtless roll'd, himself an useless load;
 And on his darling passion, squander'd vile,
 A drooping Family, what might have cheer'd

But, to the lib'ral, free-bestowing soul,
 That gives the *Widow's heart to sing for joy*;
 The Orphan's moving cry that piteous hears,
 Nor scatters blessings with penurious hand;
 To *him*, when Eve, in dusky robe array'd,
 A thousand shifting shadows at her nod,
 And ether soft'ning round, her station fills,
 And o'er the face of nature throws her veil;
 The pleasing page of bounteous Life to read,
 With gladsome eye, the mental roll to view
 Of kind Munificence and virtuous Acts,
 Is heart-felt rapture, which no words can paint.
 No cloud the surface of that brow o'er hangs,
 Of innate sweetness nor those looks beguiles,
 Where gen'rous Pity, queen-like sits enthron'd.

And

And midst the terrors of distracting thought
Quells the dire tumults of the heaving breast;—
That, from the head-long steep of black *Despair*,
The trembling Victim calls—and, as the dawn
Of flatt'ring hope lights up, the chearing rays
Of Bliss, till then unfelt, diffusive spreads
O'er the recesses of the joyless mind.

Shift but the scene,—call *Tenderness* aside—
And Nature's self, will shudder at the sight,
And stare aghast, affrighted, at the Man,
Who Grief's sad Elegy can hear unmov'd,
Whose senseless heart, no bleeding woes can melt.
Hard, as the Rock, that o'er the boist'rous Main
Disdainful looks—and sees the shatter'd wreck,
The sport of winds and waves, unpitying, sink,
Is the cold heart, that checks the rising sigh;
The Ear, to sounds, as clay-cold Earth close shut,
Whose secret windings, nor the Widow's wail,
Nor Orphan's piercing accents can pervade.

From lowly Cot—with fragil straw thin-clad,
Or slender reeds—the sport of ev'ry blast—
And prey of Age—in tatter'd garb array'd,

B

With

With trembling foot, see! where *Cleora* steals——
 Pale famine in her looks—a thousand wants
 Close crowding on her mind—from black despair,
 Scarce one remove—her face with shame o'erspread!—
 When lo!—of timely aid, within her breast,
 A flatt'ring dawn, a sudden spark lights up!——
 At *Portio's* Gate, amidst her tinsel'd Court,
 On brilliant throne, where gaudy *splendor* fits,
 Her woes to sooth, a mite's the boon she craves.
 Her asking hand, her help-imploring eye,
 Though mute her tongue, the language of distress
 Speak loud awhile—and tell her moving tale.
 At length, the twilight of relief withdrawn—
 Lost to the faintest dawn of flatt'ring hope—
 Whilst the cold Earth her trembling knees supports,
 With plaintive modesty, her suit's prefer'd.
 The partner of her Cares laid low in dust;
 And of their mutual love, the tender Fruits
 By Fate's harsh mandate, ling'ring victims doom'd
 To all the varied ills of Woe's sad train,
 With keenest anguish pierce the inmost soul,
 And loudly call on *Portio* for redress.
 The senseless rock would soften at the tale,
 But all in vain:—her humble suit's denied.—

Affliction's

Affliction's voice, sounds discord to his ears.—
 With supercilious look, and haughty mein,
 Whilst cold disdain sits shiv'ring on his cheek,
 And sternly wrinkles his tyrannic brow,
 With speed affected, lo! he hurries by,
 And glances scornful o'er the suppliant's Woes.

But—say, O! Muse—Can Man, exalted high
 In Beings scale—his lordly name first plac'd
 In Nature's volume—and his heart soft-tun'd
 To all the tender accents of Distress,
 Exist, of human Tenderness bereft?
 Her feeble voice, when drooping *Want* lifts up
 And tells, with fault'ring tongue her melting tale,
 Shall not Compassion stretch her lovely wand,
 And into softness touch the gen'rous Soul,
 O'er which *Religion* beams her sacred light?—
 Rous'd at the summons of relentless Fate,
 Shall not Humanity, her scepter'd Rule,
 O'er that enlighten'd mind, hold undisturb'd,
 Form'd to redress, and melt at other's Woes?—
 Say—Can Idea paint th' affecting Scene,
 The deadly Gloom, athwart *Cleora's* breast
 That joyless steals, and fullen, blots out hope?

That bids the vital Warmth her-frame forsake,
 The stream of Life, flow throbbing thro' her veins?
 Amongst th' unchristian Tenets of the Age,
Portio has learnt to frown upon *Distress*.

Pluck his fell image from thy ample page,
 Creation fair,—and bid the monster groan,
 Whilst all around the hideous object loathe,
 Beneath the galling stripes of just Reproach.—
 At thy tribunal, Nature, let him stand,
 From social converse, by thy Laws proscrib'd,
 And to the World his graceless Deeds proclaim.

The Man, whom Fortune's flatt'ring smiles beguile,
 With rose buds of delight, whose paths are strew'd;
 Who, from Ambition's tow'ring summit, can
 With Eye disdainful, look on all beneath
 By Fate o'erwhelm'd :—Affliction's deepest moan
 Whose callous heart ne'er wounds :—and to whose ear
Want's loud imploring notes, prove languid Sounds :—
 Him, by the Taper of thy glimm'ring light,
 Wan Cynthia, from the cradle's downy bed
 Or fost'ring side of tender Parent, sure
 The shaggy Bear, grim Wolf, or Tygress snatch'd,

And

And to the wilds, with unrelenting speed
 Helpless convey'd.—In dreary den secur'd,
 Forgetful of her brood, oft gave him suck :—
 With lambent tongue, his pliant members shap'd :—
 By slow degrees, within his stony breast,
 Of human tenderness the sense benumb'd :—
 His callous heart 'gainst Mis'ry's accents steel'd,
 And blended his fell nature with her own.

Now unto thee, wide o'er th' ethereal World,
 Whose brilliant throne its matchless lustre sheds,
 O ! let the Muse her daring flight direct,
 And to thy praises lift her feeble voice.

The Social Tie, to thy all-pow'rful hand,
 Thou great, thou prime Original, we owe ;
 Whose ever-watchful eye our wants beholds,
 Whose ever-list'ning ear receives our cry,
 Our wants to thee unfolded, gain relief,
 Our Grievs, to thee made known obtain redress.
 Of Love unbounded, matchless kindness, thou
 To sinful Man the pattern fair didst shine.
 When from thy Law he err'd, and trembling stood,
 The stain of Guilt thy precious blood effac'd.

Polluted Earth receiv'd thee from above,
 At thy Indulgence wond'ring Angels gaz'd,
 And with indignant eye those crimes survey'd,
 That from the boundless realms of heav'nly bliss,
 To Man's relief, their pitying God brought down. —

To lift the drooping Soul, with want oppress'd,
 From Horror's deepest gloom, and fell Despair,
 Beneath the straw-clad roof, in manger laid,
 * His infant-limbs, th' inclement air benumbs. —

† Twice six revolving Suns their course had run
 Of Care parental when the watchful Eye
 He eager shuns—impatient to reveal
 The deep arcana of his heav'nly mind,
 Beneath the Temple's consecrated Dome. —

And now, for clearer proofs of Love unfeign'd
 When riper Years loud call'd.—Of social Life
 Into the varied Scenes, at once he rush'd;
 Of spotless Innocence, and rigid Truth,
 Heroic Patience, and to ‡ vengeful Foes

* Luke ii. 7.—† Luke ii. 42. 45.—‡ Luke vi. 27.

Of mild Forgiveness, and relenting ire,
 Himself the bright Original.—And now
 With lib'ral hand, choice blessings wide he strews.
 * The Cripple, at his word, his crutch forfakes ;
 || Sol's chearing ray the darken'd eye-ball lights ;
 † And, at his call, the breathless Corpse revives,
 And quits the chamber of the loathsome grave.

Where'er Messiah bends his sacred course,
 Of Love unequal'd, matchless proofs are seen,
 Surrounding multitudes with wonder gaze.—
 'Tis he, from films, that clears the visual ray,
 And bids the sightless Eye the light behold.—
 'Tis he, of Sound that opes th' obstructed paths,
 And with his accents charms th' unfolding ear.—
 Back to its frame, the fleeting breath to call,
 To him alone the arduous task is giv'n.—
 Disorders, lo ! of Æsculapian Art,
 Beyond the reach—of Grief the baneful source,
 Recede, subdued at the divine approach,
 And pain, and keenest anguish lose their smart.

* Matth. xv. 30.—|| Mark x. 46.—† John xi. 44.

Fresh emanations of all-healing pow'r,
 Are wide display'd, by all are timely felt.
 † His garment lo !—th' astonish'd Throng beheld,
 Scarce touch'd, to her a lasting cure imparts,
 Who twelve long years, had dragg'd a joyless life.
 The healing influence, that moment felt,
 The spring obstructs, whence blood incessant stream'd,
 And bids fresh vigour brace her feeble nerves.

|| Solemn and slow as the procession moves,
 And weeping Crowds attend—the fatal Bier
 By his command at Nain's gate stands still ;
 And, at his call, the mournful Widow see !—
 (The grave wide yawning, ready to enclose
 Its breathless pledge) to Life again restor'd
 Unto her longing arms, with joy receives
 The dear remains of him, whom Terror's king
 With unrelenting hand, had sternly snatch'd.

+ Hark !—from the mountain, with mellifluous tongue
 The golden precepts of religious Life,
 To list'ning Multitudes, he next unfolds !

† Matth. ix. 20.—|| Luke vii. 11.—† Matth. v.

Thrice

Thrice happy orbs ! that blest with visual ray,
This living Oracle of Truth beheld !
And happy Ears, whose secret ways were blest,
With the soft music of those sacred sounds,
That heav'nly rhetoric, that from his lips
Persuasive flow'd, and o'er the heart wide shed,
Of sacred, saving Truths its copious stream !—

‡ The *Desert* next a scene of wonders shews.—

Thrice had the sky with orient splendor blush'd,
With setting glory thrice had Hesper glow'd
With captivating sounds, since thousands charm'd,
That from his sacred lips incessant fell,
Deaf to the call of Nature, speechless stood
Sunk in amazement deep.—At his command,
The turf-clad Vale, their weary limbs receives :
Their cravings to appease, a frugal board
The finny Race, and yellow Ceres crowns,
And, to the wond'ring Eye, of pow'r divine
And kind benevolence, a matchless proof,
With fragments, lo ! twelve baskets are replete !
Its wond'rous pow'rs, from this all-healing Source

‡ Matth. xiv. 14. &c.

Of unexampled Love, and tender Care,
 With watchful eye Man's num'rous needs that marks,
 ¶ Bethesda's troubled stream alone derives.

But, what return for this paternal Care
 From frail—ungrateful—inconsistent Man!
 Nature recoils, and sickens at the sight.—
 † The Sun looks dark—the *veil is rent in twain*—
 The rocks and mountains to their centre shake.—
 A second chaos wraps the world in night,
 Whilst on the fatal Tree he breathes his last,
 And makes the doom of sinful Man his own.
 Of Hell's eternal flames, the rage to quench,
 From the grim jaws of everlasting Death,
 And pains unutt'able loſt Man to free,
 ¶ The heav'nly Victim bows his ſacred head.
 Of Mortals guilt, beneath the galling load,
 The ſpotleſs Lamb, a willing Victim bleeds.

The mighty debt thus cancell'd—what remains,
 But Virtue's pattern, that our Lives diſplay?

¶ John v. 1. 2. 3. &c.—† Matth. xxvii. 57.

¶ Matth. xxvii. 34. 50.

With

With watchful eye, that we his footsteps mark,
 Those shining paths, with constant zeal pursue,
 Which he, our Pattern fair, himself first trod!—
 Let then—O! let, the christian Task be mine,
 From anxious Care, the lab'ring Soul to free:
 Chace the dim mist from Sorrow's clouded Eye;
 To soothe the anguish of the troubled breast,
 And from dire Famine snatch the hungry Soul.
 † What—though the Tongue angelic sounds can boast—
 And on the lips prophetic accents dwell—
 Unless a gen'rous Flame the bosom warm,
 And into action fire the languid Soul,
Like sounding brass, or Cymbal's tinkling Voice,
 Man's labour'd efforts all abortive prove.

|| Diffusive *Charity* no bounds restrain.—
 Beyond the isthmus of the silent Grave,
 On Earth's hard lap, where rests the lifeless head,
 Prophetic numbers clay-cold lips forsake,—
 The livid frame of vital warmth bereft,
 Upon the speechless Tongue no accents dwell.
 And, o'er the mind, by Death's benumbing hand

† 1 Cor. xiii. 1. 2. 3.—|| 1 Cor. xiii. 8.

Oblivion's deadly Veil expanded once,
 'Tis Night profound.—No more th' enlivening rays
 Of Science bright, th' impervious gloom dispel
 That brooding sits deep o'er the senseless heart,
 And blots the day of Knowledge from the mind.—
 But *Charity's* bright Flame no Age obscures,
 Nor wrefts its graceful beauties from the Soul.
 Of Man's short race, beyond the scanty span
 From hebetating dross it burns refin'd :
 With setting glory skirts his eve of Life,
 And in the cold recess of silent Grave,
 Whilst now his corpse, repast of worms, fast wastes,
 Unto his soul, from earthly bondage free,
 With torch resplendent, on the shores of Bliss,
 Of Joys eternal, the glad Day lights up,
 And beams its glories, round *Jehovah's* throne.

When the last Trump's reanimating notes,
 More loud and shrill, than when from Sinai's top,
 In thund'ring majesty th' Almighty spake,
 O'er the dark face of Earth's distracted frame
 Shall sound—and Death's obstructed ear reclude :
 Obsequious to whose *call*—of mortal Race
 The scatter'd dust, quick reuniting, back

To pristine form shall leap—and unrestrain'd,
From Night opake into the cloudless realm,
Of Day eternal instantly emerge : —
When Tyrant Death, who with despotic sway,
So long as Time's fleet tide shall headlong roll,
O'er the wide world, his ebon Rule shall stretch,
In adamant chains, himself fast bound
For endless Ages, shall a captive groan : —
Though from their spheres, expiring orbs shall start ;
With melting heat, though Nature shall dissolve ;
In wild disorder, midst the burst of Woe,
Though shatter'd rocks, with roaring seas shall mix : —
Though hills, and dales, and woods, and parched plains,
The beauteous line of Order shall forego,
And, in dark chaos undistinguish'd mix ;
Yet, 'midst the splendors of th' empyreal Realm,
In the bright centre of seraphic Choirs,
With charms perennial, *Charity* shall bloom :
Her radiant lustre o'er the heav'n's shall blaze,
And gild the regions of eternal Day.

C O N.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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CONTENTMENT.

A

P O E M.

CONTENTS



TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
LORD VISCOUNT
DUDLEY AND WARD,
THIS POEM,

IS,
WITH THE PROFOUNDTEST HUMILITY
AND RESPECT,
INSCRIBED,

BY
HIS LORDSHIP'S

MOST OBLIGED,

AND OBEDIENT SERVANT,

C. BILLINGE.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LORD VISCOUNT

DUDLEY AND WARD

OF THE

WITH THE



INSCRIBED

BY

H. G. GORDON

MOST OBLIGED

AND GRATEFUL SERVANT

C. BILLING

ADVERTISEMENT.

***T**O be partakers of those heart-felt pleasures, which a contented and calm disposition is the happy parent of, amongst the trying vicissitudes in Life, is one of the greatest privileges vouchsafed to rational Agents, during their State of Pilgrimage upon Earth.—*

As to that restless propensity to repine at the seeming unequal dispensation of Providence, in the distribution of its bounty, which grows up with us from our cradles; it must be acknowledged, that it can never be kept under due restraint, but by an habitual and implicit submission to the wise, though often unsearchable decrees of Heaven: A Lesson, which the sacred principles of unadulterated Religion alone are intended to inculcate.

And if so—can it be matter of astonishment to us, if the mind, that is uninfluenced by those golden maxims, whose province it is to prevent, as well as to quell and compose the hurry and tumult of the Soul, should unhappily prove the receptacle of every baneful ingredient, that is capable of giving birth to that unhappiness and discontent, which robs the terrestrial

C 2

pilgrim

pilgrim of that small share of Comfort, which earthly and transitory joys, were originally designed to impart?—It is not however the Writer's intention in this Poem, to set forth Contentment as the necessary result, of the zealous and unwearied exertions of the Soul in the discharge of the momentous duties of Religion, but merely to exhibit it in a moral light.—With a view to this, those remote and inhospitable corners of the Globe are particularly delineated, whose Inhabitants seem doom'd by Providence to struggle with the greatest hardships, and to live exposed to uncommon difficulties. So that, whilst their immunity from the vices which are most prevalent within the tropicks, upbraids our flagitiousness—they themselves are held forth, to us, as models of Contentedness and Submission, under the severest Appointments.—

Now, if Contentment, taken in this simple point of view, can't fail to become the object of our most ardent wish—how greatly must its intrinsic value be enhanced, and with what additional and irresistible charms will it appear, when we behold it in its true and proper light?—namely, as it is the happy consequence of a Comportment influenced by such principles and actuated by such motives, as raise it above the class of moral perfections, and assign it a distinguish'd place amongst the shining ranks of Christian Virtues.

C O N.

CONTENTMENT.

KIND Nymph, soft soother of terrestrial woes,
That Life's tempestuous Ocean canst becalm,
And hush the storm, that with distraction big,
Oft loudly thunders o'er the restless mind,
Contentment sweet;—for thee the busy crowd,
The lofty Spire, and Town's intemp'rate Joys
I willing leave.—Unto thy calm Retreat,
With guardian hand, th' advent'rous Muse direct,
And there awhile, with kind indulgence hear,
What in thy Praise her feeble voice attempts.—

And should *Acasto*, gen'rous, noble Friend,
In whom the fav'rite Graces all are seen,
Beneath whose ample roof, *Content* resides,
O'er these weak efforts deign to smile applause;

On rapt'rous pinions, straight the Muse would rise,
 Above the vulgar lift her humble Song,
 And ev'ry line with fire poetic glow.

When *Phæbus* scatters his departing rays,
 And shifting clouds, a pleasing, glorious Train,
 In all their beauty grace his setting throne ;
 Far from the idle Dreamer of this Earth,
 Whose useless days are vain, unmeaning blanks,
 Strays the soft pleasure of composing Thought,

The subterraneous cave, where serpents hiss,
 The conflict dire of fierce contending winds,
 Of bellowing furies the tremendous roar,
 The thick-grown forest, and impervious wood,
 From mortals prying ken, to th' savage race
 Those dear retreats, are scenes of purest bliss
 To that dark horror, which benights the mind,
 Where conscious Guilt its deadly throne erects.

Happy the Man ! from stormy passions free,
 That restless breasts involve !—of guileful Courts,
 The glitt'ring pomp that shuns !—in conscious pride
 Close wrapt :—the human tempest from afar

Tha

That fearless marks; himself in safety plac'd;
 And calmly hears it thunder o'er the Crowd!
 Deaf to the uproar of domestic ire,
 Perplexing Error, and litigious strife,
 The wreck of Empires, and the fate of Kings,
 Him ne'er disturb.—By Avarice unsway'd—
 To cringe untaught—in fraud's low tricks unskill'd,—
 Whilst soft emotions flutter round his heart,
 For lasting marks of providential care,
 On Nature's beck for more he patient waits;
 And what she grants, with gratitude receives. —
 Th' insatiate breast, ne'er yet, Arabia's sweets,
 Peru's bright ore, or Afric's golden streams,
 A wond'rous waste of Wealth, could ought avail.—
 The ivory Palace and the silky pride
 Of toiling Insects, yet could never robe
 With snowy Peace that mind, where *Discontent*
 Her baneful influence spreads—where black *Misdeed*
 The sacred look of pure-ey'd Day that shuns,
 Sore rankling lurks—or, where the Spirit boils
 With *Jealousy*, mad *Rage*, or fell *Revenge*.

The Star bright glitt'ring on the Monarch's breast,
 Its lustre sheds in vain,—and, o'er his head,

Unnumber'd gems, in vain, their radiance pour,
 Within the region of the royal mind,
 Unless *Content* her peaceful Rule maintain.

As the sharp thorn, oft in close ambush lurks
 Beneath the foliage of the painted Flow'r
 Deceitful—so, with lawless claims replete,
 Beneath the gaudy pageantry of dress,
 A thousand greedy wants, her heaving breast
 Distracting—pale-fac'd *Envy* brooding sits,

Of captive gold, amidst furrounding heaps,
 Pensive and sad, lo! there *Avaro* sits!—
 Beneath the downy wings of calm repose,
 Whilst every Care lies hush'd,—and all is peace
 The World around besides,—within his breast,
 A thousand haggard Forms continual range,
 And fill his wakeful mind with base mistrust.
 The Furies founding whip, and hissing snakes,
 Th' unhappy Crowd with terror less appalls,
 That on thy banks, *Cocytus*, trembling stands;
 Than the dread spectre of alarming *Fear*,
 The joyless breast of him, who constant thus
 From the fair line of Rectitude dares stray,

Grasps

Grasps at one wish, the Earth's collected store,
And barter's sweet *Content* for endless *Care*.

Far from the glare of gilded roof, or where
The pillar'd Dome, majestic, high exalts
Its ample head ; with wasteful hand within,
Her shining heaps, where Luxury exhausts,
The courted Nymph, the soother of our wants,
In artless Nature innocently rob'd,
Deaf to the call of Grandeur, coyly steals
To homely thatch ;—and there gay-smiling sits,
At *Strephon's* frugal board, a blythsome Guest.
The busy scenes of Life she careful shuns,
The lovely plains to tread is her delight ;
For rural Ease the Prince and Court she quits,
And kindles Joy in Life's sequester'd Vale.——

Far from the seat of *Opulence* and *Noise*—
Or where Ambition's lofty turrets lift
Their heads aspiring 'midst indignant skies,
On turf-clad bank, with *Damon* oft she's seen,
As from the passing breeze he seeks relief.
Or, at a limpid Rill's unfullied head,
Whose streams soft wander thro' the rambling Dale,

Whilst

Whilst *Syrius* burns, as panting he reclines,
 She's ^{found} ~~seen~~.—Beneath the spreading Beech, repose
 The Swain's faint limbs refreshes; chearing hope,
 His downcast heart revives; and from his mind,
 With am'rous pangs beset, of dubious Love
 The mist clears up; and bids him rapt'rous muse
 (Misgiving fears far from his breast remov'd)
 On absent *Sylvia's* gen'rous, constant Flame.

Thrice happy Ye! from noisy Town remote—
 In smoke—in sleep—and noisome damps deep hid,—
 That calmly wander o'er the dewy field,
 Or daisy spotted lawn, where freshness breathes;
 Soon as the dawn the woodland Choir awakes,
 And meek-ey'd Morn, coy peeps above the hills;
 Oh! speak your Joy!—The cup of human bliss
 'Tis yours to quaff unmix'd, at ease reclin'd,
 The cooling shade beneath—Down Life's rough stream
 Calmly to glide, O! envied lot, 'tis yours
 Of danger fearless.——

——Thou, *Acasto*, too
 Fitted in Court to shine—in Life's high Walk
 Conspicuous—on thy eye, what scenes of bliss
 Profusely crowd?—what raptures, on thy heart

Continual

Continual preſs, Oh ! ſay——when liſted high
 Above the foliage of encircling woods
 On eminence——whilſt health reſtoring air
 Freſh bracing ev'ry nerve, new Life inſtills ?—
 Thy winding *Walks*, thy *Lake*, thy turf-clad *Lawn*,
 Thy riſing *Groves*, and ſpice exhaling *Shrubs*,
 Where *Art* and *Nature* for the wreath contend,
 Unto thy ſight, themſelves in turn obtrude.
 From Joy to Joy, whilſt thus thy raptur'd Eye
 Inceſſant wanders—ſay—of pureſt Blifs,
 What wide profuſion deluges thy Soul ?
 On verdant path, ſee ! where the pheafant ſtruts,
 With conſcious pride exulting !—or, high perch'd
 On pendant bough, lo ! how his ſwelling breſt,
 His flaming eyes bright ſparkling with diſdain,
 Its ſhining glories to the wond'ring Sun
 Profuſely pours ; whilſt round his radiant neck
 And creſted head, unrival'd hues appear !—

Of *Art* and *Nature*, HIMLEY, Daughter fair,
 From Town's infectious vapours, long may'ſt thou
 Detain *Acaſto*—may each riſing Sun,
 With charms unequal'd, ſee thee freſh adorn'd !
 Of choiceſt beauties ope thy treaſure wide !

Of liveliest *Fancy*, *Elegance*, and *Taste*,
Wonders, more striking yet, from embryo call.—
And whilst the Fates the thread of Life prolong,
Whilst gentle breezes swell his spreading sail,
And waft him smoothly down the stream of Life,
Be't thine to study how thou may'st delight.

Now, should the Muse dare stretch her feeble wing,
Beyond the extent of Nature's richest lap,
Beyond the smiles of kind, indulgent heav'n,
And take her stand beneath th' inclement pole,
Where sullen Winter holds her joyless Court ;
Yet, through the dark, inhospitable Gloom
Of Night opaque, O ! heart-reviving sight !
The twilight of *Content* is clearly seen.—
This timely sweetens all the toils of Life,
Where, from Time's earliest birth, stupendous scene !
Snows undissolv'd, with swelling Snows heap'd high,
Shapeless, projected, o'er the shackled surge,
Tremendous look.—Where, o'er the barren waste,
With drifts deep hid—disaster'd Nature looks,
And whilst the storm loud rends the darken'd Air,
Wide o'er the Earth corrosive Famine stalks.

Near

Near Zembla's rocks, white with perennial snows;
And where in Cots the bear-clad Russians sit;
On Afric's thirsty sands Content appears,
A Nymph by all desir'd—by all care's'd.
Thy tow'ring heights, cold Caledonia, smile
At her approach,—Thou, dreary Lapland too,
Where tedious Night her half-year's reign extends:
Where, in the thick-grown Forest's dark recess,
Those dreary haunts, by human foot untrod,
The shaggy, rueful, shapeless, hardy Race,
Their meetings hold, and, in discordant notes,
Their amours tell, their midnight revels keep,
And waste the flow-pac'd hours in wanton play;—
Canst smile, look gay, when calm Content appears,
Though scenes of deepest horror thee surround.
In shaggy spoil attir'd—at noon of Night,
Thy thankful Sons, on suppliant knee adore
Pale Cynthia's taper, and with grateful heart
To her, for fare unenvied, homage pay.—
This done—in spite of Winter's utmost threats—
'Gainst Tempests' rage their darling treasure fenc'd,
With timely mirth, their thoughts they next unbend,
Shake to the wind their Cares, and join sincere
In all the loud festivity of Joy.—

But,

But, say, O! Muse—the paradox resolve—
 In easy numbers, how can Fancy sport?
 How can the Song in sounds harmonious flow,
 Where Boreas rude, wide o'er the fruitless plains
 Dire Famine spreads, and Earth's prolific womb
 With breath coercive looks?—where raging storms,
 Th' unlovely fields, their verdure lost, with blasts'
 Tyrannic sweep?—Through Winter's stern domain
 To walk, the gen'rous heart of man recoils.

To him, 'tis pain, 'tis deep distress to see
 Earth's laughing vallies with impervious snows
 High-fill'd, —Industry sickens at the sight:—
 A fight of Woe to thousands, who, fore-pierc'd
 With winds benumbing, from affliction's store,
 (The Sun-bak'd morsel, and the purling Rill,)
 Support hard glean; and from the thund'ring storm,
 And Tempests' threats, to Caves and rugged rocks,
 Or Poverty's mean huts, for shelter fly.

But whence, O! Muse, these scenes of hard distress,
 Of heart-felt Anguish, Grief, and pining Want,
 With Fancy's wanton pencil thus to paint,
 To thee this fond delight?—The rest forbear—
 Leave to inclement skies their joyless train

Of

Of native horrors, and protracted Gloom.—
Touch not ideal evils into Life :——
Nor from the region of the angry North,
Call the rough blast, to chill the tepid breeze,
To cramp with frost the soft descending show'r,
Or smiling Nature of her verdant robe
Rudely to strip, ^{ere} whose bounteous Sun shines bright,
And scatters wide his vivifying beams.—
Where, in due order, as the Seasons roll,
In bright succession, o'er *Europa's* Sons,
Her flow'ry carpet, beauteous *Spring* unfolds ;
Where golden *Ceres* crowns the cultur'd fields ;
And mellow *Autumn*, dangling on each bough,
Its luscious treasures to the eye displays.—

And, with his angry train of clouds and storms,
To close the parting Year, when Winter comes ;—
What—though Sol's beams deny their genial heat,
And southern shores no tepid breezes warm :—
What—though the ice bound waves, that once the strand
Were wont to dash, are then forbid to flow ?
Although the dawn of Day, the Lark's shrill note
No more proclaims—nor Shepherd's *Maten* reed
With artless sounds the rising Morn salutes ?

What—

What—though no woodbines scent the passing breeze,
Nor shrubs their balmy fragrance shed around :—

What—though the naked trees, with downcast heads,
Their verdant honors lost, dejected stand—

Yet sweet Content, 'midst cold December's Snows,
Can bid gay smiling Spring, with garlands crown'd,
O'er the calm mind unfading pleasures pour,
And fill the breast serene with bliss refin'd.

The shepherd's feeble pipe, she can inspire
With heart-reviving sounds—Where Winter reigns
Unvaried near the pole, and all is Waste,
She joys perennial can to all impart.

Without complaint, *her* placid wing beneath,
Cold Lapland's sons their wayward lot endure,
To hardships doom'd—themselves nor slighted deem
By partial Fortune, in her choicer gifts.

The current of their Souls, with genial warmth
If inward Peace inspire ; of wealth debarr'd—
From Nature's bounteous gifts proscrib'd, they live
Possess of little, happy—nor of more
Desirous, free from Care—can gayly smile
Amidst a thousand wants, unfelt—unknown.—
From Earth's penurious lap, thus timely fed ;
Thoughtless of what to-morrow's Sun may give ;

What

What morsels rare their hunger may appease,
The heighten'd dainties of more sumptuous fare
They covet not.—The World's collected store
Of choicest Gifts, they slight without a sigh.—
Blest with *Content*, nought does their Peace annoy.—
The tide of Time thus gliding smoothly on,
'Midst horror's dread domain, they dwell compos'd.
With furs thick-clad, with frugal fare well-pleas'd,
Strangers to Care, they pass their half-year's gloom,
In rudest shape, where human Nature's seen.—
The fierce delight of cruel War they shun,
Nor bathe the burnish'd blade in hostile blood.
Desire, nor *Pride* in them e'er Wants begets :
Ambition restless never haunts their breasts,
And all their needs th' obsequious Deer supplies.—
In polar night immerg'd, the meteor's blaze,
A thousand stars keen playing, safe directs
Their doubtful wand'rings o'er inclement drifts
In quest of Food.—This, Providence, which hears
The callow Raven's cry and sends relief,
Their ways benighted viewing, from her store
With parsimonious hand to them holds forth,

D

Thou

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D

Thou

Thou, dreary Greenland too, the pole beneath,
'Midst deserts hid in snow; from Towns remote,
A Race canst boast of mortals, who resign'd
To all the hardships of penurious Life,
The pride and splendor of Europa's sons
With scornful eye surveying, pass their days
In tranquil Ease.—The rays of calm Content
Their Souls o'erspread, e'en though the crush of Ice,
The roar of winds, and fierce contending waves
Their terrors all unite, to blast their Peace,
And set them shiv'ring on the brink of Fear.
Inur'd to hardship and relentless toil,
With Joy the current of a cheerless Life
They stem—Their minds base Avarice ne'er taints—
Nought from without can mar their inward Peace
Nor ruffle the composure of their Souls.—
They reek no peril.—Round their dauntless heads
The howling tempest spends its rage in vain.—
Though mountains tremble, and though billows roar,
And aged oaks, and thick-grown forests bend
Before the angry storm;—if meek *Content*
Her peaceful empire o'er their minds extends,
And quells the restless cravings of *Desire*,
'Tis undisturb'd Tranquility within.

Now—

Now—if where Boreas o'er the spacious North
With wasteful sweep resistless, rushes wide,
And ghastly Famine roams the glossy waste ;
If, where the Tartar sees Bootes urge
His slothful Car, disdaining weak complaint,
Amidst affailing terrors, calm *Content*
With snowy hand her queen-like sceptre sways,
And bids the soul, to humble Fortune doom'd,
Superior to Ambition, meekly rise,
Of lawless Claim, each rising sigh suppress,
And curb the restless cravings of *Desire* :
Pleasures unfelt, sure must that soul entwine,
Unheard of transports must that bosom fill,
Where bright Religion's awful, sacred Lamp,
The low'ring Shades of Ignorance dispers'd,
Its heav'nly splendor sheds profusely wide,
And with meridian lustre constant shines ;
Where *Faith*, sure guide, the human Bark directs
O'er Life's tumultuous Ocean, and safe lands
(Of endless bliss, now to his ravish'd Eye
Enchanting Sight ! the prospect op'ning wide)
Man's nobler part, for Joys eternal form'd,
On the bright Shores of everlasting Day.

CONSTITUTION

Now we have before us the proposed
Constitution of the State of New York
which was adopted by the Convention
at Albany on the 17th of September
last. It is a document of great
importance, and one which will
affect the rights and liberties of
the people of this State for many
years to come. It is therefore
our duty to examine it carefully
and to give our opinion upon it.
We find that the proposed
Constitution is in many respects
a good one, and one which
will be beneficial to the State.
It provides for a more efficient
system of government, and one
which will better protect the
rights of the people. It also
provides for a more economical
system of government, and one
which will better serve the
interests of the State. We
therefore recommend that it be
adopted by the people of this
State.

THOMAS

HYMN to PROVIDENCE.

O PROVIDENCE! whose ever wakeful Eye,
Ne'er slumbers o'er the wants of darling Man;
But piteous, dost his num'rous Grievs behold:
And on thy faithful page minutely note
His Lift of varied needs!—To thy kind hand,
His *Spring* of Life, its bloom unrival'd owes—
His *Summer's* glory, pomp, and boasted strength,
From thy rich treasure their support derive—
And from thy bounteous, ever-flowing Source
His thoughtful *Autumn* into helpless Years
Fast waisting craves relief. And—awful scene!
The wither'd head with snowy Age bestrew'd,
And through the channel of his slender veins,
The vital stream flow flowing—faint—relax'd—
With wants begirt—with num'rous ills beset—
To thee, with trembling foot, his course he bends.—
In the dark hour of Woe, his asking hand

To Thee he spreads—And thou, a constant friend,
His plaintive eye doſt mark, and kindly too,
The language of his heart quick read, the boon
He ſuppliant craves, his humble ſuit doſt grant.—
And, when frail Nature at ſtern Death recoils,
The pulse beats faint, and Diſſolution's near—
As he ſtands ſhudd'ring on thy awful brink
Eternity—an all ſuſtaining hand
His trembling limbs ſupports—whiſt Virtue fair
Through Life's bewild'ring maze, his faithful Guide,
Againſt the perils of that fatal Hour
Him timely guards with her all-ſaving ſhield.—

And now—the Soul from earthly bondage free,
And agonizing Nature's pangs endur'd—
From Earth's dark vale triumphant wings her flight,
Unto the regions of eternal Day;
Where Blis unheard of, and where Joys divine,
The lot of Angels, and ſeraphic Choirs,
A glorious recompenſe, the Juſt await.

M E L A N.

MELANCHOLY.

A

P O E M.



T O
Sir JOHN WROTTESELEY, Bart.
AND KNIGHT OF THE SHIRE

F O R T H E
COUNTY OF STAFFORD;

T H I S P O E M,
I S,

WITH THE WARMEST SENSE OF
G R A T I T U D E

AND CORDIAL FEELING,

D E D I C A T E D

B Y

HIS MOST OBLIGED,

AND OBEDIENT

HUMBLE SERVANT,

C. BILLINGE.

ST JOHN WROTTERLEY

AND KNIGHT OF THE ORDER

COUNTY OF STAFFORD

WITH THE



AND CORPUS LITERARUM

DESCRIPTIO

BY

THE MOST

AND

ILLUSTRATIONS

ADVERTISEMENT.

*T*O descant upon the nature of Melancholy, and trace it through all its various Stages, dark recesses, and gloomy windings to its prime origin, under all the varied shapes it occasionally assumes, never was the intention of the Author, in his Poem upon that subject. So that though it may be deemed unnecessary, positively to attempt a definition of the prime Cause, which physically and strictly speaking, gives birth to this intellectual hebetude, or mental subsidence from the usual tone of natural chearfulness and alacrity; yet, thus much it is humbly presumed may be advanced by way of Introduction to the following Poem, viz. that the species of Melancholy there exhibited, may be said to originate in a series of unpleasant ideas or images, deeply impressed upon the mind, either by too earnest and serious a contemplation, or too lively and affecting a representation of objects either ideal or real.

Indeed—when Melancholy is the unfortunate result of a disturbed Imagination, or the pure effect of the Imagery of a formal or frantic brain, it justly commands our pity, and challenges our most tender and humane feelings. Whereas,
nothing

nothing can be offered, with the least degree of propriety, in favour of that unmanly depression of the Spirits, which arises from the vitiated source of implacable hatred—the insatiate desire of Revenge—or the disappointment of a greedy and covetous Appetite in the pursuit of riches.—As to that, which flows from a Body basely enfeebled, and subjected to pain and Disease, through a want of due moderation in the use of those blessings, which were primarily intended by the Almighty Donor, to create a degree of chearfulness within the breast of every rational Agent, suitable to his respective circumstances in Life, it must stand loudly condemned at the tribunal of universal Reason.

The subsequent Poem, of course, far from being meant as an inducement to give rise to, much less to indulge, this weak and degenerate propensity of frail Nature; is written with a design to create in the human breast, an utter detestation of what is so grossly derogatory from that serene and equal temper—that implicit acquiescence in the decrees of the supreme Ruler—that christian resignation to the wise appointments of Providence—which constitutes one of the most essential, as well as most ornamental, ingredients of the Character of every sincere professor of Christ's Holy Religion.

ARGU-

ARGUMENT.

DESCRIPTION of Night—Hymn to Darkneſs
—Contemplation of the Heavens—Uniform and
periodical movement of the Planets—Excentric motion
of the Comets—Terreſtrial Purſuits moſtly terminate in
diſappointment—Perils and mental diſtreſſes that attend a
greedy and covetous diſpoſition—Dangers of a Sea-faring
Life particularly deſcribed—Fate of the Royal George
near Portſmouth—Paths to Honor, in general beſtrewed
with Dangers—Portrait of an unſucceſſful Hero—Death
of General Wolfe before the Walls of the City of
Quebec—Groupes of airy Spectres the offspring of a
diſturbed Imagination, haunt the viſionary mind—Com-
ments on the follies of Life—Addreſs to Youth—Moral
reſlections on the uncertainty and inſtability of earthly
Enjoyments—Invocation of Fancy—Ingratitude, and its
hateful

hateful consequences, delineated—Gloom and Retirement
the most suitable Companions of a troubled Mind—Fix'd
Stars—Earliest approach of Morning announced—Day-
break—Sun-rise—Effects of the Power, wherewith the
soporiferous wand of Morpheus is said to be impreg-
nated.

MELAN.

MELANCHOLY.

TWAS night—and now beneath the awful gloom,
Tir'd with the labours of the busy day,
To soft repose the slumb'ring world was hush'd;
The murmurs of the groves and forests ceas'd :—
Athwart the glowing sky the planets roll'd :—
Across the fields a brooding silence reign'd.—
On daisy-sprinkled meads, and turf-clad lawns,
The fleecy Care, in sleep's embraces lay.—
The savages that range the thick-grown woods ;
The feather'd Tribes, and Tenants of the brooks,
In rest, enjoy'd an interval from Pain,
And shar'd a sweet forgetfulness of Care.—
In silver car, up heav'n's bespangled Arch,
Pale Cynthia too, in silent pomp had stole ;
And 'midst her starry Court, faint glimm'ring plac'd,

With

With horned lustre, gave a languid light :
When, near a pebbled rill's soft-chiding stream,
A pensive Sage, the moss-grown bank along,
A stranger to the sweets of balmy rest,
Deep musing lay. —The thought inspiring Gloom,
A spreading forest heightens o'er the lawn.—
Ideal pinions, through the pensive dusk,
Soon kindly lift him :—O'er the darkling world,
On Thought's fleet wings, in meditation lost,
Through purest ether, to illumin'd skies,
He soars, and leaves Earth's checquer'd Vale behind.—

Aw'd by the solemn stillness of the night,
Unto the breeze, that o'er the silent mead,
Soft, sympathetic whisp'ring, gently strays,
The anguish of his mind awhile he sighs.
Each hollow gust, his mental gloom improves,
Sighs back his sighs, then thro' the winding dale,
His mournful breathings faithfully conveys,

To light averse—from Ivy mantled Tow'rs,
And unfrequented Cavern's midnight depths,
Or Gothic Dome, of Time's consuming rage
Beneath the wasteful sweep, that mould'ring wastes,

Ill-omen'd birds, on dusky plumage borne,
 (Whose boding notes the tim'rous soul affright)
 Their callow brood forsook, thick hov'ring round,
 Add to the horrors of the solemn scene.—

A thousand wand'ring images, swift rush
 Athwart Imagination's formful realm,
 And into seeming *Quiet* lull the Sage.
 From sky's soft soft'ring bosom, sudden shook,
 A thousand Spectres 'cross the lonely Dale
 Majestic stalk.—Deep rous'd at these, awhile
 With Fancy's vivid eye, he stares aghast.
 Now, o'er his trembling frame, with downy foot,
 A Bliss severe, a sacred terror creeps,
 And twines delusive pleasures round his Soul.
 By sober sadness, but at length o'erwhelm'd,
 Whilst all is awful list'ning, silence round,
 In plaintive accents, thus he vents his grief.—

“ Possess at length, of what, with ardent wish
 “ The long-liv'd day I fought, but fought in vain,
 “ Retirement sweet, and Contemplation calm,
 “ Let Gratitude discharge the debt she owes,
 “ And hymn the Gloom of this propitious Night.

E

“ Hail !

" Hail ! Cynthia, hail ! with secret Joy I view
 " Thy pallid mantle, o'er the slumb'ring world
 " Expanded wide, and stretch'd from pole to pole !
 " With transport I behold this awful Gloom,
 " These low'ring shades, and thought inspiring scenes !—
 " Whilst *Horror* deepens o'er each silent mead,
 " And *Stillness* roams the dreary waste at large,
 " 'Tis Bliss refin'd, beneath Night's dusky wings
 " To lie conceal'd : and launch, without restraint,
 " Into the lab'rinth of bewild'ring thought.—

" For others let bright Sol's enlivening beams
 " Bid Nature smile, and gild the face of Day ;—
 " Encircled in thy arms, far from the ken
 " Of curious eye ; from tumult's hideous roar,
 " And clam'rous noise remote, O ! let me rest !
 " Thy fullen shades beam comfort to my mind,
 " And suit the gloomy purpose of my Soul.—

" Ye beauteous * Orbs—ye worlds of rolling light—
 " That freely travel through Air's wide Expanse,
 " And, in expressive silence loudly speak

* Planets.

" The

" The matchless pow'r of that almighty hand,
 " Which, from the womb of chaos brought you forth;
 " First impulse gave, and 'midst the starry host
 " Bid you to shine :—Bright Tenants of the sky,
 " Thrice happy ye !—On your blest state, at large,
 " From this dark spot of ever jarring Earth,
 " Where all is *Discord*, *Hurry*, and *Deceit*,
 " With envious eye, thus calmly let me gaze !

" And ye, bright * Wonders,—of enlighten'd minds
 " The purest joy,—but, of deluded Souls
 " To mystic credence prone, the constant dread :
 " If round the central point of *Light* and *Heat*
 " Ye swiftly wind, to Motion's simpler laws
 " Obsequious ;—or, O ! horror bearing fight !
 " From the high top of heav'ns unmeasur'd steep,
 " By Gravitation, and repulsive Force,
 " Attempter'd rightly, in Elliptic Curves,
 " Big with the fate of Empires, downwards rush
 " With speed accelerated, and fore shake
 " A guilty World, with horror and affright :
 " Whilst thus the great Creator's *will* ye work,

* Comets.

" And with the radiance of your blazing trains,
 " Or kindle up anew unnumber'd Suns,
 " Or pour fresh lustre o'er declining Orbs :
 " The boundless plains, ye unmolested still,
 " Of Heav'n's wide arch, in constant order range.—
 " And when the flaming centre ye forsake,
 " The common centre of a thousand worlds,
 " That more than lights, that animates the sky,
 " And bids the whole Creation smile around,
 " And upwards rise in seeming anger clad,
 " Above the shadows of Earth's dusky spot,
 " And climb the dread immensity of space,
 " With speed relenting—till of mortal ken,
 " Free from controul, the boundaries beyond,
 " Ye timely reach ; and range excentric o'er
 " The wide expanded canopy of heav'n :—
 " To *Harmony's* sweet laws ye strictly glide.—
 " Your lot, your envied lot's those ways t' explore,
 " Where laurel'd *Peace* for ever sits enthron'd,
 " Where *Order*, beauteous *Order*, constant reigns ;
 " Where happy *Concord* bids discordant Parts
 " In one unite, *Antipathy* suppress,
 " And, in *obedience* to th' Almighty's will,
 " In *Union's* soft embraces closely join.—

" These,

" These, how unlike, vain Man, thy checquer'd ways !
 " To varied ills, from Life's first op'ning bud,
 " Thou'rt justly doom'd, till latest Age creeps on,
 " Feeble—relax'd :—and o'er thy wrinkled brows
 " With trembling hand, its hoary honors sheds,
 " Displays its sorrows o'er thy wither'd cheeks,
 " Deep-furrow'd by the edge of cruel Time.

" O ! with what pain, we drag the load of Life !
 " *Imagination's* boundless wilds we range,
 " Of Art refin'd, we traverse ev'ry path,
 " In quest of *Ease* ; to blunt the edge of pain ;
 " Of heart-swoll'n *Grief* the torrent to assuage,
 " Disperse the horrors of a wounded *mind*,
 " And shun the presence of accusing *thought*.

" If *Guilt*—if heavy Guilt the Soul oppress,
 " And th' avenues to cheering hope preclude :
 " Of black Despair, the unenlighten'd Cell,
 " With deadly damps thick hung, and haggard forms,
 " Gloomy as night opaque, we enter straight.

" In this benighted Cave—this dark recess,
 " Bright *Reason's* taper waxes dim—that light,

" Which timely blended with thy saving Truths,
 " *Divine Religion*, gracious heav'n decreed
 " Frail man to guide—of threat'ning dangers warn,—
 " Through Life's bewild'ring maze, with safety lead ;—
 " Across a thousand fyrtes chalk his way,
 " And fit him for the realms of future Bliss.

" Lo !—tortur'd on the ²rock of Discontent,
 " And void of Ease : in search of glitt'ring ore
 " And costly gems, to India's distant soil,
 " O'er foaming billows, with destruction big,
 " Whilst howling tempests o'er the dark abyss
 " Tremendous roar, the Merchant wings his flight,
 " Of danger fearless.—O'er the briny waste,
 " The spacious tomb of thousands, who (like him
 " Braving the perils of the treach'rous main,
 " The thread of Life cut short, untimely fell ;)
 " Flush'd with the luring prospect of success,
 " His Course he steers.—But pain to tell,—alas !
 " His doom he meets, the Port of safety near,
 " The period of his toil.—Destruction sure
 " O'ertakes him.—Lo ! the foaming billow flakes
 " His thirst of Gold insatiate ; doom'd to thee,
 " Who claim'ft the trident of the watry realm
 " A hap-

" A hapless victim—from thy dark abode,
" Thy boundless depths ne'er to emerge again.

" From fancied woes, now let the low-sunk mind
" To real evils wing her sober flight,
" And sympathetic muse on hapless worth.
" See!—from the sandy beach, where Portsmouth lifts
" O'er Neptune's green Domain her peaceful head,
" And calmly overlooks the briny Waste,
" What deep distress oft meets the wand'ring Eye?
" The conflict dire of fierce contending winds,
" Resounding surges, waves continual heap'd
" On waves tempestuous, mingling with the clouds,
" The dread effects of elemental strife
" The gen'rous breast of Man with horror fill.

" Nor does the Bark, the angry storm compos'd,
" Her spreading sails with friendly breezes swell'd,
" Beyond the reach of peril, safely skim
" The polish'd surface of the treach'rous deep.
" Ah! no—for who can paint thy sudden fate
" O! KEMPENFELT, to Ages yet unborn
" Thou honour'd name; in seeming Safety's arms,
" At anchor riding on the placid Main?—

" Whilst *Tritons* wanton'd o'er the dimpled wave,
 " And sportive *Neriads* flounc'd around thy keel,
 " (The aged keel, that bore thy Monarch's name,)
 " For thee, the secret shaft, the dreaded hour
 " Of Tyrant Death, with rigid frowns beset,
 " Beneath the smiling surface of the deep
 " Deceitful lurk'd.—The voice of thoughtless Mirth,
 " The cloudless morn, the calmly stirring breeze,
 " To gazing multitudes a placid scene,
 " Nought thee availed:—for lo! (mysterious heav'n!)
 " That moment, through thy sides, wild Ocean pours
 " His briny deluge, with resistless force!—
 " And, whilst the strand, spectators of thy fate
 " Struck with severe amazement, Numbers crowd;
 " Amidst the piercing shrieks of deep distress,
 " Lost to the faintest prospect of relief,
 " The whirling Gulf sucks in thy sinking prow,
 " And sends thee headlong to th' abyss profound.
 " In Glory's bright career, o'er thee, cut short,
 " And thy unfathom'd, dark, unsculptur'd tomb,
 " What gen'rous heart, the tribute of a sigh,
 " What clouded Eye the tribute of a tear,
 " Can e'er deny?—From thy untimely fate,
 " Instructive lesson, this important truth

" We

" We mortals learn—that *Honor's* blazon'd paths
 " *Through Life's short sunshine lead but to the grave.*

" The rising sigh, the tributary tear,
 " Ye hapless Crew, next, to your shades is due,
 " Who with your Leader shar'd one common lot,
 " And sunk with him into the boundless deep.—
 " To brave the perils of the boist'rous main
 " With him, 'twas your delight.—Your Country's weal,
 " High swell'd your hearts, and throb'd in ev'ry vein.—
 " With him, 'gainst foes combin'd, in her defence
 " In bloody conflict, oft the van ye led
 " Undaunted, and unnumber'd trophies shar'd.
 " By heav'n's decree, from Day's bright realm remov'd,—
 " Bellona's rage, and Neptune's anger o'er,
 " Lamented now, with him, in glorious Ease
 " Rest undisturb'd, in Ocean's dark abyfs.

" Beneath the slow pac'd *hour* the *Warrior* mourns,
 " And, though of *Nature*, for a span too short
 " He oft complains, leisure to him is *pain*.—
 " Impatient of delay—in full career ;
 " Of Danger heedless, Life's short Course he runs.—
 " And now in Car of headlong phrensy borne,

Regardless

" Regardless where he roves, or what his fate,
 " The moment flow, the ling'ring hour he chides ;
 " Tries ev'ry art, and bids Invention crush
 " Each infant day, just hast'ning into birth. —

" Panting for Glory, 'midst the Battle's roar,
 " The pointed steel bright glitt'ring in his hand,
 " His Country's safety bracing ev'ry nerve,
 " The dreaded *Thunderbolt* of War appears; —
 " Rous'd by the clarion's animating sound,
 " The clash of arms, and hoarse resounding drum,
 " Through yielding ranks destruction see ! he hurls, —
 " The glorious prize of high renown to seize
 " Impatient ; — with the blood of slaughter'd foes,
 " His *fauchion* streaming ; — on, o'er breathless heaps
 " With martial pride he strides, and to his arms
 " Bright Glory, thee, the object of his wish,
 " Sole darling of his Hope, plac'd in full glare,
 " With unrelenting Constancy he courts,

" *Honor's* bright paths, with perils thus bestrew'd,
 " Where Tyrant Death, abroad despotic stalks,
 " Or couch'd beneath a thousand ghastly forms,
 " That smite the dastard Soul with cold dismay,

" He

" He dauntless treads ; the envied wreath now claims
" Of deathless laurel :—through th' embattled Host
" Impetuous darting, foremost in the fight
" He shines his Country's glory, and e'en now,
" Fast climbs the pinnacle of dear-bought Fame.

" *Danger*, that to the Coward's eye looks big,
" At his approach recedes—from firm resolve
" His soul nought can seduce ; the steep of Fate
" He walks undaunted, and from Peril's edge
" Dares snatch the glorious purpose of his mind.
" But unappall'd, whilst thus the giddy brink
" By *Resolution* led he calmly treads,
" The deadly warrant's sign'd :—On Life's fair page
" The Hero's glorious name no more appears !—
" Pointed with death, fleet as the rapid wind,
" The Lightning's forked flash, or Eagle's flight,
" The poison'd bullet flies, that's doom'd by Fate
" To give th' untimely wound :—he gasps—he dies—
" And in the arms of Conquest breathless sinks !—
" Stretch'd on the plain, the boasted Champion lies !—
" His glory's all extinct :—and, pain to tell,
" Within the cold recess of silent grave,

" Of

" Of vital warmth bereft, his Corpse, alas !

" Must mix inglorious with primeval dust.

" Here, let the sorrows that embalm the Brave,

" O'er the bright Urn, that keeps thy honor'd Dust

" From Earth's polluted touch, in torrents flow

" O! WOLFE ! thou foremost on the roll of Fame !

" To future times, thy deathless praise shall reach.

" Call'd by thy Country's voice, o'er distant Realms

" 'Twas thine to stretch Britannia's awful sway :

" And bid whole Nations tremble.—Feather'd Chiefs

" To thy victorious banners homage paid;

" Surrounding hosts at thy approach retir'd :

" Affail'd by thee, Canadian ramparts shook;

" Crush'd by thy vengeful arm, whole armies fell,

" Bow'd at thy feet, and suppliant lick'd the dust.

" But, fight unmeet !—ere the victorious wreath

" Thy brows could shade, or twine thy temples round,

" So will'd the Fates—Death's all-benumbing hand,

" Amidst the joyful shouts of conq'ring Lines,

" The haughty City yielding to thy Force,

" Lo ! sudden snatch'd thee from the realm of day,

" And bade thee triumph in the shades of night.

" Just

“ Just so, the short-liv'd Meteor's lambent blaze
“ Call'd into birth by animating heat,
“ From the dark closet of some soft'ring cloud,
“ Across the glowing sky impetuous shoots,
“ By superstitious crowds portentous deem'd.
“ Th' astonish'd Eye, with wild amazement struck,
“ The momentary gleam attentive views;
“ When lo! the bright effulgence scarce beheld,
“ Of optic nerve the close pursuit quick shuns,
“ And dissipated, mingles with the air.—

“ Exil'd from Life, great Man, thy cold remains
“ Dejected Albion with her tears bedews.
“ Around thy Corpse, with graceful gore o'erspread
“ With grief-swoll'n eyes see! thousands pensive stand!
“ Hark! deep-fetch'd sighs, the language of their hearts,
“ Their god-like Leader's hapless fate bemoan!

“ The voice of Fame, o'er Ph'egethon profound
“ The dire event, that moment, wide proclaims.
“ The glorious tale scarce told,—of *Greece* and *Rome*
“ Illustrious heroes, from the verdant Groves,
“ The Vales of fragrance and enamell'd meads,
“ Where endless pleasures reign, see! eager rush,
“ With

“ With deathless wreaths their graceful heads adorn’d,
“ And long to hail thee to th’ Elysian shores :
“ Where to thy shade, that triumph is decreed,
“ Which in the glorious Siege to thee was due.
“ Thy martial prowess, through revolving years,
“ In Sol’s bright region too, to Time’s last verge,
“ Its ample meed, in Glory’s Court shall meet ;
“ Thy Name immortal, on the faithful page
“ Of Albion’s records, with historic lore,
“ Of thousands foremost, shall unrival’d shine.

“ But, whence of sober thought, this long demur,
“ Before the tinsel’d shrine of glitt’ring pride ?
“ Beneath th’ exertion of its nobler pow’rs
“ The mind low stoops, th’ interminable clew
“ Of wild Ambition whilst it vainly strives
“ Thus to unravel.—And on Fancy’s page,
“ Of fleeting pomp, the gaudy scene t’ engrave
“ Ill suits the purpose of a low-sunk mind.
“ The restless wand’rings of th’ immortal Soul,
“ For purest transports form’d, such tasteless joys,
“ As to the sense, from earth’s penurious lap
“ Enchanting rise, but vanish unenjoy’d,
“ Can ne’er restrain, nor fix in calm Content.

“ By

" By Syren *Fancy* oft, too oft seduc'd,
" From Comfort's flow'ry paths we blindly stray,
" And hug the graceless fetter with delight,
" In basest thralldom which our hearts fast holds.

" Impatient of imaginary Bliss,
" O'er Earth's wide Continent we breathless roam.
" The proffer'd bounty of the passing hour
" With eye disdainful mark :—With thankless heart,
" And bosom, cold as Winter's freezing blast,
" The precious Bounty it unfolds, embrace.—
" How vain ! how inconsistent with thyself
" Proud Man, Time's plenteous treasures thus to slight !
" If, like the shaft, it steal unnotic'd by,
" And leave thee grasping at uncertain joys,
" Thy loss no tongue can tell.—Deluded wretch,
" The Moment big with Bliss, once past, is gone—
" If unenjoy'd, is fled beyond recall,
" For ever gone, for ever lost to thee.

" But, hush my tongue—nor with unhallow'd sounds,
" Presume to trespass on the Noon of Night,
" To *silence* sacred, and to *thought* profound.

" The

" The hour is come, when in each dark recess,
" Each mould'ring Grot, and unfrequented Cave,
" Pale, ghastly shapes, obsequious to the Call
" Of Fancy rise, of purest Ether form'd.

" Solemn and slow, from the wide yawning mouth
" Of yonder hollow rock, methinks I see,
" Of beck'ning Forms, a visionary band,
" With printless feet, the craggy steep ascend,
" And on its airy Summit take their stand. —
" Whilst, from the covert of a distant Wood,
" A Tribe grotesque, a Train of Spectres drear,
" Confusion in their looks, impetuous start,
" And stride gigantic o'er the lonely Vale. —

" Turn'd to the West, with horror I observe
" The trunk of yon expanded oak around,
" Whose head majestic waves aloft in air,
" And nods disdainful o'er its kindred Trees,
" A pensive Group, of figure more uncouth,
" In garb terrific, sullen, stern, and sad,
" In silent council met. — Whilst o'er the Lawn,
" From the dark thicket of yon rising grove,
" Of youthful Ghosts, a wanton, thoughtless train,

" In

- " In wild disorder rush—and, artless mix
 " In dance exotic—wind in mazy rounds—
 " And to the cadence of a murm'ring rill,
 " With foot alternate beat the fairy ground."

From plaintive accents, here the Sage refrain'd,
 And, in deep silence, musing, pensive lay :—
 Of youthful follies, but the ample page,
 Wide open'd to his mind, snatch'd from his soul
 The short-liv'd bliss—the moment of repose.
 Struggling for vent, the sparks of restless thought,
 Of speech, once more, the silent pow'rs unlock'd,
 And thus the sportive Throng the Sage address'd. —

- " Say—Wanton Youths, that swim th' harmonious
 maze,
 " And nimbly trip it o'er the dusky Lawn—
 " To thought profound averse,—of anxious care
 " The galling load who shun—well-pleas'd to range
 " Where Nature spreads her gaudy carpet—charm'd
 " With Syren sounds, that undulating float
 " On Zephyr's wing—'midst Flora's bounty plac'd :—
 " The gem of Life, hath eye—hath ear yet found,
 " The source of Bliss untainted, that can crown

F

" Your

- " Your restless wand'rings with the all you wish,
" Or mark the spot where *Happiness* resides ?—
" She *Beauty's* transient empire coyly shuns ;—
" With *Honor's* flame her taper never blaz'd ;—
" Fam'd *Circe's* cup this treasure ne'er could boast ;—
" Nor, e'er high mounted on the wings of *Fame*,
" The flight of *Iccarus* did she attempt.—
" No costly shrine the heav'n born Nymph secures ;—
" Beneath the gorgeous roof, she ne'er is seen ;—
" On Life's conspicuous walks, she ne'er appears ;—
" From heav'n alone—but not in Danae's show'r,
" She gently glides ;—'tis gracious heav'n alone,
" On undeserving man this boon bestows.
" In *Pleasure's* soothing ways, then wanton on :—
" The flatt'ring scene its period soon will reach,—
" Each short-liv'd flow'ret soon its bloom will lose,—
" And trembling Age, its head with snows deep strew'd,
" Will quickly spoil you of these gay delights.
" Time's rapid course, no art yet e'er could stay ;—
" The fleet-wing'd hours, to Nature's latest shift,
" Will shortly bring you.—Then, decrepid years,
" A prey to grief, and fearful of the grave,
" O'er follies past will brood—with me agree,
" That *Earth's short pleasures, are disguised Woes.*"

Scarce

Scarce had he spoke—when lo! the fleeting Train,
 Their forms dissolv'd, straight mingled with the air!—
 The Spectres sudden from his sight withdrawn,
 A pensive gloom once more his soul pervades;
 And, whilst a brooding horror joyless sits,
 O'er the dark surface of his low-sunk mind,
 The sadly-pleasing strain, he thus resumes.—

“ But—why, ye Gods, this interval from pain?
 “ Whence to my soul, this moment of *repose*,
 “ And calm *Content*?—Illusion sweet, I own
 “ The magic pow'r of thy all-soothing balm—
 “ From this, the wretched timely find relief.—
 “ 'Tis this, can Sorrow's keenest pangs abate,
 “ From anxious Care my lab'ring breast unload,
 “ And snatch me from the gulf of black Despair.—

“ Deceitful Fancy—ever charming Maid—
 “ Sole parent of these airy pictur'd Forms,
 “ Which meet my wand'ring eye where'er it turns,
 “ And call my low-sunk mind from musings deep;
 “ Continue on thy sadly pleasing scenes,
 “ Of Joy and Grief alternate:—from thy store
 “ Exhaustless, bid unnumber'd phantoms rise,—

" Nameless—array'd, in all that can improve
 " The awful gloom of this propitious Night,
 " And aid the sober musings of my soul,—
 " For, on thy scenes, whilst thus I calmly gaze
 " Fix'd in attention deep—methinks, I read
 " Life's varied records, and, extatic turn
 " At will, the sober page of human Woe.—

" Born to lament, and mourn my wayward Fate;
 " Bereft of ev'ry comfort Life can give;
 " Unheard—unseen—each eve I'll gently steal
 " Unto the bosom of some lonely Cave:—
 " Where, no gay *Object* can delight the Eye:—
 " No cheerful *sound*, can charm the list'ning Ear:
 " To weep at ease, and ruminate my ills,

" By day, I'll range thy unfrequented walks,
 " Thy gloomy thickets, and thy secret ways
 " * Enchanting Wood——around whose gilded roof,
 " *To Phœbus sacred and the tuneful Nine,*
 " Nature and Art, link'd hand in hand appear,
 " The sense to charm, and lead th' enraptur'd Sage,

* The Seat of Sir SAMUEL HELLIER, near *Wolverhampton*.

" Into

" Into the centre of embow'ring groves,
" Where *Melancholy* holds her joyless court.—

" Thither, O ! may some guardian Pow'r direct
" My dubious steps—far from the hated fight
" Of perjur'd *Faith*—where, with unhallow'd foot
" Nought dare approach.—Unto the peaceful gloom
" Of mournful cypress, or bane shedding yew,
" A gloom more pleasing than the brightest Sun,
" O ! let me fly—and there lie deep immerg'd
" In lonely Solitude's surrounding shades ;
" Where, not one glimpse of *Pity* can be seen :—
" No sympathizing *Sorrow* can be heard :—
" Where, not the dawning of a dubious *Hope*,
" Or *Comfort*'s faintest twilight e'er is seen.

" Too long the sport of Fortune's shuttle breath,
" *Adversity* ! relentless, cruel Maid !—
" Beneath thy galling yoke, at length, with joy
" My willing neck I bow.—Without allay,
" Be't mine, to drink the bitter cup of woe !—
" To feel the fiercest pangs *Care* can inflict
" On mortal man,—or *Thought* can e'er devise,
" To banish *Peace* for ever from the mind !

" From

“ From these dark scenes, to more enlighten’d paths,
“ Once more, O ! let me turn my wand’ring eyes !—
“ ’Tis ye, bright Lamps of ever shining Light,
“ In beauteous order rang’d, that station’d shine
“ At awful distance, in remotest skies,
“ That now my thoughts engage, attention claim.
“ Your twinkling glories shed profusely wide ;
“ Nor let the rising Morn, with ruddy cheek,
“ Deep blushing o’er the chambers of the East,
“ Your radiance veil, your heav’nly lustre blend.

“ But ah !—vain man, to endless Sorrows doom’d,
“ Night’s fable realm, beyond its stated length,
“ Why would’st thou fain protract ? Call forth thy pow’rs,
“ And steel thyself against th’ approach of *Day*,
“ Which bids tormenting Care its raging smart
“ Renew afresh, and banishes *Repose*.——
“ E’en now, if right I ween, of short liv’d Bliss
“ The transient Scene is o’er—The moments fleet,
“ That, ever circling, run th’ enchanted round,
“ And force us down the precipice of Life,
“ Now lift Aurora from her wat’ry couch,
“ And set her peeping in the eastern sky ;—

“ Whence,

" Whence, soon,—too soon—wide o'er the darkling
world,

" A tide of saffron light will boundless pour.

" Why else these omens of departing Gloom?

" This lustre dim? Those streaks of spreading White?

" That o'er the spangled arch of heav'n diffuse

" Broad tracts of deep'ning red?—O Nightly Gloom!

" Of blackest hue, why art thou thus despoil'd?

" Why on thy tawny cheek sits paleness?—Must,

" Heart wounding sight! I see thy charms decay?—

" Why, on these ears, to noise and tumult shut,

" From the dark covert of some distant roof,

" Or rush-clad Cot, else does the Bird of Morn

" Shrill *Chanticleer*, his wakeful Song obtrude?—

" Silence—Content—calm Meditation—all

" Forfake me now!—unable to support

" The Dawn of Day, the sight of grey-ey'd Morn,

" The supercilious looks of rising Sol.

" And lo!—methinks, yon lofty mount above,

" The fatal Harbinger of Light I see,

" Climb th' orient sky, and shew his brilliant head!

Scarce had he spoke—when straight, athwart the grove,
Of Solar brightness, shot a sudden ray,
And Day's first blushes ting'd the ambient hills.
Here *Morpheus* timely stretch'd his magic wand,
His weary eye-lids o'er—Bid thought subside—
His lab'ring breast from anxious Care reliev'd,
And gave him to enjoy the sweets of calm Repose.

F I N I S.

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